

PREY

WEAKNESS MAKES IT SO MUCH EASIER.



GIRLS

When I learn that someone has raped a fourteen-year-old girl, I'm envious, truly. I know that this may not sit well with some people, but I say what I think. To me, rape seems a good thing from eight to fourteen.

—Chumy Chumez, Spanish cartoonist, quoted in a Barcelona newspaper in the early 1970s

It is generally simple to determine if rape has been committed when the victim is below the age of 12 years. If there has been a forcible entrance of the penis into the vagina, tears of the vaginal opening accompanied by bruising and bleeding will be evident.

—Homicide Investigation

I lost my innocence at age eight, so I decided to do the same to as many young girls as I could....I like the girls in Ecuador. They are more gentle and trusting, more innocent. They are not as suspicious of strangers as Colombian girls.

—Pedro "Monster of the Andes" Lopez, who raped and slaughtered at least fifty young females

To put it kindly, you aren't a ladies' man. Women have laughed at you since junior high. You're a twenty-six-year-old security guard. You smell like tomato paste. You live with your grandmother and think that wrestling is real. You hang out in pawnshops, comic-book stores, and public parks. You drink beer, watch game shows, and fuck little girls. You collect knives, razors, guns, and cherry bombs, but you've never slept with an adult woman. You're immobilized by shyness. And even if you weren't shy, you're still homely.

So it's down to the minor leagues for you. The endless years of ugly rejection have altered your strategy. By default, your tastes lean more toward Brownie campfires and ballerina classes and pajama parties and training bras. And two hairy fingers digging inside her swee'pea. No real tits to speak of, just two dime-sized nipples on a flat rack o' ribs. Nude mini-vulva like a coral-colored crab claw. How you'd love to stuff an extension cord in her stuck-up little ass and pull it out through her mouth.

This baby girl's just so healthy, happy, and oblivious, you want to smash her head into a mirror. Make her feel a level of discomfort that no number of birthday parties and prom nights and baby showers could counteract. Turn her inside-out, from a little girl to a bitch. That ballerina on her music box has a ten-inch dick between its legs now.

There's nothing precious about this four-foot slice of bald-eagle cunt-flesh. She's worth less than the fart you just blew in her face. Loathsome. Your prick in her baby-tooth mouth isn't going to change things one way or another. Long before you came into her life, she was destined to grow up into a bowling-alley waitress with six boyfriends and nine kids. She'll drop out of community college and get gang-raped by bikers. Her genes are programmed into a spin-cycle of unemployment offices, dope-shooting lovers, and dirty kitty litter. You think she'll really be any worse off if she blows you for three hours at this Motel 6 near the freeway?

If anything, you're her tutor. Teach her how to treat a man. Show her how to curl that little tongue around the ridge where the head ends and the shaft begins. Your dick looks so big and hairy, especially stuffed in her embryonic mouth. Make her balance your elephant balls in her small hands. She's so easy to hold and lift and bend and move and manipulate. Better than a Barbie doll. And when

you finally explode like a steam whistle, do it right in that dumb, moon-pie face of hers. Command her not to wipe it off until it dries. If she picks at it or plays with it or tries to rub it off, smack her onto the carpet. Pick her up and smack her down again. Drag her back and forth on the bitter-smelling brown motel carpet. Scrub her face into that abrasive rug. Her brush burns will mix with the pubic hairs and dried fluids of ten thousand motel dates. She must submit. She has to learn respect for her elders. Teach her everything about life that her parents are too dumb or terrified to tell her.

You know, she's got some fucking nerve trying to rub the cum off her face like that. She's a spunky one. Probably has a big fucking mouth. You don't need this kind of trouble. No, not right after orgasm—you're supposed to relax. Just FIX her right here. RIP the green plastic shower curtain off the hooks and wrap it around her baby-bird throat. She'll be found in a picnic cooler two weeks from now. You'll be on the other side of the country by then.

Can't breathe? GOOD. Shouldn't take long. As you go limp, I want you to think about all the other little girls you're going to meet in heaven. God has an extra-special place reserved for girls like you. Close your eyes and count backwards....

THIRTEEN. Melissa Benoit was thirteen when she died. Henry Meinholz, Jr., the bookkeeper and church deacon who raped and killed her, was forty years older than her. Melissa lived next door to Henry in Kingston, Massachusetts. "Melissa was attracted to me," Henry said during his trial. Yeah, she thought he was Robert Goulet. That's why she tried to run out of his garage when he lunged for her fledgling boobs that night in September, 1990. Melissa didn't get far, though. Henry fucked her. And threw a pink blanket over her head. And forced her face into a pan of water, holding it down until the bubbles disappeared....

TWELVE. Indiana resident Shanda Sharer, twelve, was sodomized with everything but the kitchen sink by a pack of young girls in 1992. They burned her alive while she cried for her mother....

ELEVEN. The age of a girl named Wendy, who lived in a big, bad town called Compton, California. A big, bad man shoved a paper bag in her mouth to keep her quiet. Then he undressed her. Then he shoved his big, bad cock inside her until he emptied his sac. He dressed her again. Grabbed a gun and blew a hole through her innocent girlish heart....

TEN. Genevieve Connolly loved chocolate and bubble gum. Her skin was milky-white, her hair curly and red. In 1940, a Manhattan janitor named Frank Conroy molested her. He panicked. Feared she'd tell her parents. So he crushed her throat and tossed her ten-year-old body into a furnace....

NINE. Nadia Puente didn't even make it to ten. Homeless people found her corpse while picking through a trash can in L.A.'s Griffith Park. Nadia had been moseying home from school on March 20, 1989, when a baldheaded, bug-eyed, fast-food worker named Richard Lucio DeHoyos pulled her into his car. Actually, DeHoyos was a former fast-food worker, because he had been fired earlier that same day. He snapped. Drove her to a motel. Fucked that little nine-year-old girl. While trying to drown her in the motel bathtub, he pushed down so hard on her chest that he crushed it....

EIGHT and SEVEN. The respective ages of Helen Lynch and her younger sister Margaret. They ate licorice sticks the day they were murdered in 1942. As night fell in the bucolic burg of Bedford Village, New York, a professional grass-mower named Edward Haight lured them into his station wagon with promises that they'd play a game. He tied them up with awning cord, gagged their mouths, and drove into the blackness. Fucked both of them. Tossed Margaret out of his moving car while Helen watched. Haight later placed Helen on a stretch of pavement and drove his station wagon BACK and FORTH over her frail sparrow's skull....

SIX. Teresa Cervantes of Fresno, California, was just old enough to start school. She was fucked, ass-fucked, choked to death, splashed with a flammable liquid, and burned alive. It happened in a schoolyard....

FIVE. Anmorian Or was an undefiled Cambodian chrysanthemum who attended kindergarten in Revere, Massachusetts. In 1990, a maintenance worker from her building took her to an empty apartment and demanded that she give him money to buy crack. When she refused, he beat the fuck out of her, fucked the shit out of her, and tried to choke her to death. Anmorian died a few days later while hooked up to a life-support system....

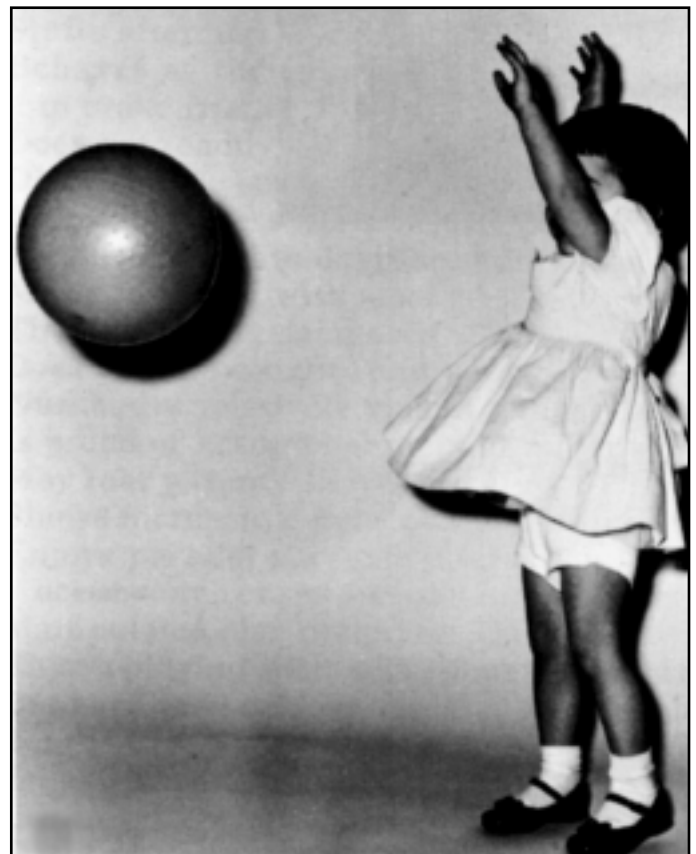
FOUR. We're getting young here. "When she spoke, she spoke with her eyes," said the aunt of Edith Kiecorius, who couldn't believe someone had raped and beaten the New York girl into nonexistence. It was 1961, and such things didn't happen. Yet there lay Edith, a tiny blonde cream puff of joy, mangled and lifeless on the bed of a dilapidated Chelsea boarding room. Surrounded by cigarette butts. Beer cans. A whisky bottle that had been guzzled dry. Moldy, rotting hunks of pizza. And near the bed, a photo of President Kennedy which had been clipped from a magazine by Edith's killer. In the picture, JFK posed with his daughter Caroline. At the time, Caroline was four years old, just like Edith....

THREE. Courtroom testimony described "a lifeless child...a gaping anus, a distended stomach." A hundred and twenty-nine "bright red and blue" bruises on her body. In January, 1993, a three-year-old Ohio girl named Sheila Marie Evans was buttfucked by her mother's live-in boyfriend. She died. While being buttfucked....

TWO. It's so sad what happened to Latifah Logan. Another Ohio girl murdered by her mother's boyfriend. Mom was busy doing laundry. Latifah died from brain swelling which resulted from a cracked skull. There were also injuries to her back. Liver. Diaphragm. Pancreas. Chest. And, yes, her two-year-old pussy took a dick inside it. All, according to her assailant, because she had wet her bed....

ONE. A year? Fuck that, how about four MONTHS? How about some cunt which is fresh out of the wrapper? A little Virginus Maximus for you? Something you could *literally* fuck the brains out of? Then Jerri Ann Richard, raped and clubbed to death in a Rhode Island alleyway in 1984, is your girl....

Now be quiet and die like a good little woman. Nobody can take you away from me now. That's because there's no longer any "you" left. I've taken it all. First your virginity, then your life. That pussy will get you into trouble every time. ■





BOYS

Most sex offenders I've treated were not cruel or indifferent toward children. In fact, they were over-invested emotionally in the child and tried to fulfill in that relationship all the attention, friendship, affection, and power that was missing from their lives.

—Nicholas Groth, co-director of the sex-offender program at Connecticut's Somers State Prison

Things to do to an 11 or 12 year old boy this afternoon....1, choke him; 2, undress him and myself; 3, take a shower with the boy; 4, stick long needles into his body, then draw them out slowly; 5, put my penis in the boy's mouth and anus; 6, if he doesn't bleed to death from the needles, cover his face with a pillow, or kill him in some other way.

—List compiled by an unidentified boy-torturer in a case study from The Sexual Criminal; the list-maker found an eight-year-old and completed all items except number six

The man put his finger in my bottom and pulled my dickey.

—Little "Brian," quoted in Rape: Victims of Crisis

Ostensibly he would sit on the belly of his victim and, in this fashion, masturbating, come on the dying body....And he displayed to them the heads and members of the said slaughtered children, asking them which of these children had the most beautiful member, the most beautiful face, the most beautiful head; often he found joy in kissing one or another of these slaughtered children whose members were being examined.

—Georges Bataille, The Trial of Gilles de Rais

I told him he was going to die and described how I would kill him. I asked him if he had any last words, and he said, "I love you," and then I strangled him.

—Boy-lover Arthur Frederick Goode III, describing the murder of a nine-year-old Florida lad

Each time I entered treatment, I continued to molest children. I liked molesting children and did what I had to do to avoid jail so I could continue molesting....I must be executed before I have an opportunity to escape or kill someone else. If I do escape, I promise you I will kill and rape again, and I will enjoy every minute of it.

—Westley Allan Dodd, boy-killer three times over

Little boys are perfect. Spotless. Angels. Their bodies are small, tight, and fat-free. Hairless and sweet-smelling. They still have that open look in their eyes, that trusting, receptive gaze. Their eyes haven't been dimmed by the solar eclipse of evil which blinds their elders. Little boys have a future. They haven't yet suffered irreparable damage. They have hope.

Little boys are everything which pedophiles aren't.

The pedophile spends his life chasing after innocence. And the more he chases, the less innocent he becomes. The chicken hawk is somehow able to reconcile his exaggerated, sentimentalized notions of incorruptible youth with the fact that he's slowly jabbing his grimy pole up some little seraph's blood-clotted rectum. Pedophiles worship innocence. Yet they also resent it, as you resent something you want desperately but can never have.

But even though his mission is doomed, the boy-lover keeps trying. Faced with a choice between the warm promise of boyhood and the cold anal void which is his adult life, he'll choose the boys every time. Like the mosquito who dips his strawlike proboscis into a blood-filled pipeline, the pedophile feeds on innocence. On paradise lost. On perfection.

Therefore, he is likely to be meticulous. Driven. Obsessed. Neat. Clean. Detailed. Eternally denied actual innocence, the pedophile will settle for a souvenir. A memento. He has to capture and petrify the memory, to keep it fresh by suspending it in a block of amber. He will catalog and cross-reference his past conquests and future targets. He needs the pictures and videotapes and diary entries and locks of hair.

When a soft-spoken Texan named Jimmy Ethridge was shot to death by one of the boys he'd fondled, police searching his house discovered computer files listing fifty-four boys whose innocence he'd wasted. When police raided the house of Allen J. Kapusta, the Chicago Board of Options' former chief computer analyst, they seized printouts which graphically described sex with a hundred and ten boys, all of them under twelve. And when the Glendora, California, cops burst



into the trailer home of a Roger Ebert look-alike named Ed Scott, they claimed to have found hundreds of photos and computer BBS files depicting man-boy love. Chronic. Incurable. Relentless. And dedicated.

Vancouver, Washington, is a wet, leaden town, just over the Columbia River from Portland, Oregon. The rain doesn't stop. Westley Allan Dodd was the city's least-favorite son, a human rodent with a squinty, sniffing face. *Weaselly* Allan Dodd. Although Westley denied it, his younger brother said Wes was a "nerd" who had endured the constant flaming arrows of mob cruelty while at school. But Westley rejected the contention that he became a boy-torturer because he'd been tortured as a boy. He explained his acts with a flat statement as depressing as the Vancouver skyline: "I was raised in a family without love."

Dodd started flashing "Little Westley" to other children at age thirteen. He soon graduated to squeezing and pinching and clutching and pumping little boys' dicks. And fucking their tight pink asses. He was in and out of jail repeatedly for weenie-tampering, never for more than a few months. Each time, he received the stamp of approval from a state-approved shrink and was set back loose into the rain-slicked streets.

September, 1989. A public park in Vancouver. Two brothers, ten and eleven, riding on their bikes. Artless. Happy. Dodd knocked them off those fucking bikes. Bound them. Kidnapped them. Stabbed them both full of holes—DEAD—and fucked one of them. And the boys were only taking a short-cut through the park to get home, where a warm supper awaited them.

October, 1989. Itsy-bitsy, teeny-weeny Lee Iseli, four years old, stood youthfully ignorant in a Portland playground. Westley promised him fun and money. Two days of fun in Westley's apartment, where Westley fucked him and fucked him and fucked him and fucked him. Choked him to death. Fucked him again. Wrapped a belt around his neck and hung him in a closet.

November, 1989. Dodd is caught outside a movie theater while trying to kidnap a six-year-old. He admits to the three murders. EAGERLY. With a detachment and attention to minutiae that amazed the police. The prosecuting attorneys really had no need to compile and catalog evidence, because Westley had already done it for them. Stacks of photographs and endless diary logs itemized his crimes with more elaboration

than most officials could stomach. Dodd's diaries contained ruminations about ass-fucking and dead boys' relaxed bowels. Innocence and its destruction were as carefully documented as a Smithsonian exhibit. Crystallized and frozen. Perfect.

Innocence is a volatile concept which has a way of backfiring. A Florida man named John F. Gregorio stamped his organization with the heroic moniker of Taxpaying Parents Against Kiddie Smut. In 1981, he was sentenced to jail for acting smutty with a seventeen-year-old boy....Terry Allen Harris, who as a reserve police officer and Explorer Scout leader had quite the sex-offender's pedigree, called his group Kids Against Crime. In 1986, a Northern California court convicted him for Crimes Against Kids....As director of Search Seven New York, David Robert Riggs advertised himself as a bounty hunter who conducted "aggressive investigations designed to recover criminally abducted children." But nowhere did his description of "aggressive investigations" mention offering boys crumpled dollar bills to pose for snapshots in bikini underwear.

But you, the boy-lover, don't see any contradictions. Saving the boys and spoiling them is all the same to you. By slowly running your finger pads over a small boy's balls, you're reaching back to your own traumatized childhood. Is that what you tell yourself? You're juggling his raspberry-sized testicles in an effort to try and make sense of things. Isn't that right? By gently nuzzling your thumb inside the boy's sphincter and jacking him off with your other hand, you're achieving a sense of closure. When you push your forearm against the back of his neck, pinning him down onto a carpenter's bench and reaming his dry ass, you're making peace with your father.

Learn how to forgive, boy. Drop your pants and lean over the bench. I'll teach you a sense of personal shame, one so deep and hot you'll want to jump out a window just to

make it stop. When you feel the warmth of my meat just parked there deep inside you, motionless as if it crawled up you and died, you'll feel a fire that will make you a good person. A fire that will burn away your insides. You'll be a gutted-out husk of what you once were.

See, your problem is that you don't appreciate your youth, and that's why I'm going to take it away. I need to set you straight, and I know of nothing better to do the job than eight fat inches which curve like a boomerang. I'll dig a hole through you like I was coring an apple.

I love the way your shoulders heave up and down, the way the tears roll out of both eyes, when I'm fucking you. And I love the way you squeal when I'm holding you like a bowling ball, my middle finger up your ass past the middle joint. You whimper as my dirty finger-nail scratches your thin, smelly rectal lining. You're so beautiful and unsullied that I think I'll force you to wash my balls with your tongue. Lick 'em clean. Howzat sound? Because I love you and I want you and I envy your innocence, I'm going to piss in your eyes and hair and mouth and ears. You're going to have to gag on the rancid sweat and smeared feces and filmy cum from the last load I blew.

When I look at your poopie, which is smeared all over my tinkler, I think of the Crunch Berries and Ring Dings and candy apples and Rolos you must have eaten. You're a growing boy. You won't grow anymore. At least not emotionally—I've already snuffed any chances for growth in that department. You've been stabbed in the ass with a dick. When that happens to a boy, he tends to grow up very, very angry. You'll be surprised how much a torn anus defines your entire emotional perspective. Instead of the sun, you'll see a giant bleeding asshole setting over the ocean. The scars may heal, but you'll grow from a little mess into a big mess. And I'll enjoy watching it happen. ■



THE RETARDED

HE WANTED HIS WOMEN DUMB & THIN

—Philadelphia Daily News headline concerning torture-killer Gary Heidnik

She is not the cause of her problems, other than her own innocence and vulnerability.

—A Manhattan social worker describing the case of a retarded teenage girl who ran away from the foster parents who raped her, only to be raped at two different child-care centers

She has dolls and she can point to a picture of a baby in a book, but that's as far as it goes.

—Dori Wooten, sister of pregnant rape victim Debra Lynn Thomas, whose IQ was measured at 12

She thinks the same as an eight-year-old. He brings her a stuffed toy, he says he loves her after being with her for five minutes, and she says yes.

—A Virginia police detective describing the case of a twenty-year-old retarded woman who was raped by a man she met through a telephone party line

Is it true that tards make better lovers? Their sex drives are the stuff of lurid mythology. Since they don't exactly sparkle at conversation, do they go that extra mile in the bedroom? And is it true that they can lift automobiles when they're angry?

Besides some retrograde lust for ape-fucking, the attraction is difficult to figger. With some men—who knows? Maybe they're suckered in by the bucking-bronco force of unrefined tard sexuality. Just a fat, smelly, retarded hole. No mind at all to get in your way. Sex without thought—the best kind.

Oh, my beautiful retarded maiden! My australopithecine lover! I stare at your flat nose, open mouth, and heavy eyelids. I love the way you curl your lips around that cigarette, the way your bra strap hangs lazily over your shoulder, the way the late-afternoon sunlight hits your bottles of seizure medicine sitting there on the table. Your doughy gingerbread-girl body has that distinctive tard smell, somewhat like crusty boogers. I don't have to worry about wasting money on you, because you're content with corn dogs and a bottle of pop. And when it's time for your "special ed," you just lay there and take it like the orangutan's cousin you are.

I'm so glad I found you, my lovely Mongoloid queen! You'll lick my ass and cluck like a chicken and drink my piss and massage my feet. It's so much fun to toy with your suggestibility. You'll believe me when I tell you I'm Mr. Magoo or Charles Barkley or Bob Saget. You may not be able to solve calculus problems, but you'll suck me off until I get cramps in my toes. You may be a little plump...and you may not know how to trim that bush...and you aren't much smarter than tile grout...but you fuck like a mare in a lightning storm.

No use getting weepy over this Mongoloid 'ho. If you think she's so equal, why don't you marry her? She'd make a great wife—she has brain tumors and epilepsy and autism and can't speak or hear or see or think. She's about as special as a bowl of manure. In fact—and I'm not saying this to be cruel—I've taken shits that are cuter than her. Leather straps keep her pinned to that sanitarium bed day and night. What's the moral distinction between fucking her and fucking an empty toilet-paper tube? Beyond a little vaginal wear and tear,



precisely how is she harmed by a three-minute tard-hump? Tell her it's medicine, and she won't know the difference.

I wonder if she's ovulating. Can you imagine the baby she'd have? Protruding frog eyes and rubbery mouth. Draining our tax dollars; drifting between institutions; shacking up with sexually abusive landlords; and filling Thorazine prescriptions. The stupid thing will probably get hit by a car because it forgot to look the other way. But I won't be around to worry about it.

If a retard was raped in the woods, would anyone hear it? No one cares about her. This roly-poly punching bag doesn't understand the meaning of consent. If she can't even put her panties on without help, she may have some trouble with more abstract concepts of sexual etiquette. Any lawyer with a mail-order degree could rip her to pieces in court.

She's had rocks and mud and bottles thrown at her since she could walk. She's just happy I'm not pointing at her and laughing. She loves the attention. She's exuberant, trusting, and loving. Unintelligent people always are.

Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when my IQ is 64? That was the whopping intelligence quotient of a lonely retarded Jersey girl who was just looking for friendship. Cuddling. Acceptance. She trucked her retarded ass around the upscale town of Glen Ridge, unable to make change from a dollar bill. Dumb as a lamppost.

In March, 1989, she was seventeen years old but acted eight. Her body was far ahead of her emotions. She liked to flirt with boys. She'd lick her lips and flash that simian smile. Her crotch would be sopping-wet. She certainly was excited that day when she met some boys at a local ball field. About thirteen boys. Chiseled, iodine-colored, rich, suburban boys. They took a shine to her. Told her that one of the cutest boys would be her extra-special boyfriend if she followed them back to his house. And down into the basement.

"We want to talk to you," they had told her. "We won't hurt you." Nice boys. Fun date. Good time. Four of the boys went to work on her. Eight or nine other boys stood there and applauded. A length of wooden doweling was shoved up her retarded snatch. And a broomstick. And a baseball bat covered in plastic and dipped in Vaseline. As she stumbled around the basement with wooden poles thrust in her like a wild boar who'd been speared, she felt her true worth in the boys' eyes. They made her promise not to tell anyone about her once-in-a-lifetime dream date.

But word somehow got out, and the nice boys were arrested. In court, no one denied that the woman had the sex drive of a medium-sized dinosaur. The defense attorney portrayed the girl's retarded charms as irresistible. "Boys will be boys" was how he explained it. When the bat-fucking victim testified, she seemed more than a little hurt.

People were making fun of her. "They say, 'Oh, that's you, the girl with the broomstick and the bat,'" she griped. And her illiterate heart felt the cold pinch of a love which could never be. "I do feel bad," the cretinous rape victim admitted. "I know they don't give a hoot about me....Those were my friends. I thought I could trust them."

Loads of Philly retard girls thought they could trust Gary Heidnik, a highly intelligent man with the scruffy good looks of an insane nuclear scientist. His IQ was somewhere in the vicinity of 150. One of the women he dated scored around 50. Another girl scored a 30. Real garden slugs. Philadelphia is a retarded city in every sense of the word. Even the accent sounds as if it were invented by someone with a learning disability. They don't quite say, "retard"; it sounds more like "ree-tart." So these ree-tart chicks loved Gary because he took them on picnics and bought them candy. He drove them around in his sexy van, which had Bugs Bunny painted on the outside. He promised them money. He fathered their children. He shackled them in his fetid basement and raped them daily. He force-fed them bread and dog biscuits. Subjected them to electric shocks. Hit them over the head with shovels and jabbed screwdrivers into their ears. Killed two of them. He cooked their body parts in a stew pot. Made ground hamburger of their dead retard meat in a food processor. And it was all, according to Gary, part of his plan to sire a master race of geniuses.

Why settle for a girl who merely giggles and flutters her eyelashes? Get one who picks her nose and can't even feed herself! The retarded woman is the ultimate grotesque extrapolation of the "dumb blonde" principle. ■

NUNS

Sin with me!

—Allegedly shouted by the attacker of St. Maria Goretti, who protected her vagina with her hands and was thus stabbed to death instead of raped

Every time I answered, they burned me with a cigarette. I was crying and screaming with pain....I passed out again....There were rats all over me.

—Sister Diana Ortiz, describing some highlights of being raped and tortured by Guatemalan security forces

If he'd do it to a nun, who's next?

—Lt. Joe Bosko of the Akron police department, regarding an elderly nun's assailant

It's like a come-on, I guess, my kindness. I wish I wasn't so outgoing. I wish I could change my nature.

—"Sister Dorothy" of Detroit, raped at age seventy-four after inviting a stranger into her apartment for coffee

I forgive you, for you know not what you do.

—Reportedly said to her murderers by Sister Anuarite Nengapeta, a Zairian nun who in 1964 preferred being murdered to surrendering her chastity

Could Christianity's sexual overtones be a little more obvious? There's the pain-loving savior, the punishing God the Father, themes of redemption, regeneration, the "shedding" of bodily fluids—it's true porno. And nuns are merely frustrated consumers of pornography. All the visions of blimp-sized Blessed Virgins floating through the clouds, all the tears spilled over unborn babies, all the protracted rosary sessions which make their fingers blister and their knees bleed, are nothing more than sexual frenzy seeking an acceptable outlet.

Are they called nuns because they don't get none? You should be suspicious of a gal who'd rather wash a leper's feet than suck a man's dick. They renounce sex. Alcohol. Luxury. Spicy foods. Vows of silence. Vows of poverty. Vows of chastity. Are these vows merely selfless acts of spiritual transcendence or the self-absorbed psychosexual maneuverings of classic "bottom" personalities? And what's with those penguin hats?

Nun-twat is the ultimate forbidden fruit, the only bush in the garden you can't eat. Brides of Christ. Saving themselves for Jesus. These are women who think that the Holy Ghost impregnated the Blessed Virgin with a beam of light—they aren't well schooled in matters of the flesh. You could tell them your dick is your Siamese twin, and they'd have no reason to doubt you.





Ever seen a pretty nun? I haven't. I grew up with a whole gaggle of the frigid bitches during a twelve-year block of parochial education, and not once did I meet a nun worthy of my arousal. In fifth grade there was Sister Brigid Mary, an onion-faced Irish cunt who kept a closetful of yardsticks she'd broken over the asses of ten-year-olds such as me. Sister Perpetua Mary, or "Peppy" as we called her, looked like Ronald Reagan and

had that involuntary grinding-jaw motion so endearing in the elderly. Like Sister Brigid, Peppy was a bitter, sadistic, tension-rattled woman. If you handed her a vibrator, she'd probably try to brush her teeth with it. I forget the name of the nun who taught Spanish, but she was the oldest living creature I've yet encountered. Unlike the other nuns, she wore this orthopedic chin-strap device which was never fully explained to us. One day as she

was conjugating Spanish verbs, a fly buzzed into her mouth. She didn't even notice. I'm sure her vaginal walls were so dry, they had sealed together and were impenetrable by anything short of a diamond cutter. Horrible. All the nuns I knew looked like male Jaycees from the Midwest. So don't tell me there aren't sexual reasons which would impel a woman to get herself to a nunnery. The reason is clear—no one but Jesus wants them.

Naturally, inevitably, the lack of sex and affection leads to violent sadism. The full, sick story is finally starting to emerge about Canada's "Duplessis orphans" of the 1940s and '50s. They were named after former Quebec Premier Maurice Duplessis, who was in office concurrently with most of the alleged abuse. He was also said to be in cahoots with the Catholic church. The orphans in question fell under the steel-cunted grip of Sisters of Charity at a string of loony bins and government-funded children's homes throughout Quebec. Hundreds of adult survivors have come forth with stories about nuns shoving dead mice in their mouths. Of nuns literally washing out their mouths with soap. Of unnecessary straitjackets. Of nuns dopping them up with animal tranquilizers. Of nuns beating them with chains and metal window cords. Of nuns administering electric shocks. Of nuns forcing them to bang their heads against walls for hours. Of children losing eyes and suffering broken bones due to beatings. Of one nun thrashing a girl so badly that she died while strapped down to a bed. "I'm going to sleep quietly," the nun reportedly said to the children who watched, "and she's going to die quietly." And, of course, there were also stories of rampant rape and sexual abuse committed by those pent-up, crazy nuns.

When my sister was in first grade, the nuns gave her nightmares by telling her that they kept a secret room which was dark, damp, and filled with spiders and snakes. A room where they sent all the bad little girls.

And Lord knows those Sisters of Mercy left enough bruises on me. So it doesn't break my heart to hear that seventy-six-year-old Sister Tadea Benz screamed the Our Father while she was being raped and eventually strangled to death in Texas. I'm not especially heartbroken that Sister Diana Ortiz in Guatemala was lowered into a pit filled with dead bodies, burned with cigarettes more than a hundred times, and fucked more than she ever thought possible. And it doesn't ruin my evening to hear that in 1981, a nun in Harlem had twenty-seven upside-down crosses carved into her body while being raped by two assailants. Doesn't faze me at all.

I always felt that if the Catholic church loosened up on the celibacy angle, or at least provided a stable of itinerant stud priests to periodically service entire convents at a time, they wouldn't be losing enrollment. Too many schoolchildren were having their eyes blackened and their hair pulled out by middle-aged women who'd never had an orgasm. So there—I said it. If a nun gets raped, she deserved it. Fuck her so hard that she speaks Latin. And just to make it fun, tell her you're a Protestant. ■

OLD LADIES

The next thing I remember is [that] I had a little old lady in front of me and I didn't have any pants on.

—Bret Rossiter, nineteen, who claimed he had been drinking and popping pills when he raped a ninety-four-year-old Ohio woman

[She] was pounding at my door and sobbing, repeating, "I've been raped, I've been raped." We cried together. It just isn't fair. Is this the respect we get so late in life? Do we live out our lives in fear?

—Neighbor of a woman, seventy-six, raped in a Massachusetts elderly housing project

But it's so unfair that it's always the oldest, sickest, saddest people who get hit by these nuts!

—"Alice," an elderly woman quoted from an L.A. Times article on the West Side Rapist, who "hit" at least thirty-three old ladies in the 1970s

We report the death of an elderly woman who died as a result of extensive rectal lacerations and hemorrhage of the perirectal tissue caused by the insertion of a hand and forearm into the rectum....

The [accused] stated that he escorted the victim to her door, and that was the last thing he remembered. The next thing he remembered was waking up partially undressed lying next to the victim, who was nude. Both were lying in 6 in. of bloody water in the bathroom of her quarters....He admitted that in a drunken state he had forced his hand and forearm into the woman's rectum and moved them in and out while opening and closing his fist.

—"Sexual Abuse and Death of an Elderly Lady by 'Fisting,'" from The American Journal of Forensic Medicine and Pathology

When older women are raped, senile atrophy and accompanying friability of their genitalia results in extensive vaginal lacerations and perineal trauma comparable to what is observed in child victims of sexual assault.

—The Pathology of Homicide



Her eyes opened and looked to heaven. It was a beautiful, sacred moment. The thought of an intruder and the possibility of anything occurring to her mortal remains is outrageous and horrifying....She suffered from sexual abuse when she was younger, and that was always the worst thing she feared. That's what makes this all the more particularly ironic: It's as if her life has come full-circle.

—Niece of an eighty-three-year-old San Jose, California, woman who in 1993 suffered necrophiliac rape and sodomy a mere eight hours after passing into the Great Beyond; the victim's attacker, Archie Calvin Whitehurst, claimed the dead woman consented to have sex with him

She's had a long, happy life. He's about to change all that. She's eighty-seven. He's twenty-one. She's too blind to see him. Too fragile to fight him. Too senile to remember him. It's wonderful.



She dodders along on the pittance the government tosses in her mouth. Survives on TV dinners and dog biscuits. Lives in a stucco-and-palm-trees retirement Shangri-La where old men compare colostomy bags. Where elderly women get tumors removed as often as they get their hair dyed blue. It's nice around here. Bingo and yard sales. Heart pills and cemetery plots.

She's very weak.

And very alone. Tiny studio apartment that smells as if it's been dipped in formaldehyde. An embalmed existence. The whole place is a still-life painting. As orderly as a fucking museum. But cleaner. The only dust that's been gathering is between her legs.

Mummified old bitch. She walks with a cane. Legally blind. Can't hear a word unless you SCREAM it.

Uhh, yes—MA'AM? I'm from the fire department....I'm an electrician....I'm selling fresh cabbage door-to-door. Actually, I'm a police officer, ma'am. There have been a series of residential burglaries and rapes in your area. Some horrible, horrible animal is on the loose. I'm here to remind you to keep your windows locked at night. And make sure you remember to dial 911. And be very cautious about strangers. You wouldn't mind if I came in just to check that you're OK, would you?

Her little white poodle is yapping its head off. The TV is so loud that it rattles the windows. He catches her in curlers and facial cream and a nightgown and Vicks VapoRub. Forty pill bottles on the kitchen counter, each of which will be stuffed up her "medicine cabinet" before the night's over. There's no sound quite like the feeble little yip she emits as he pushes her over the coffee table and onto the sofa. Her eyes are white eggs, rolled all the way back in her head. She's breathing heavier and clenching her fists. He hopes that he lives to tell his grandchildren about the way her face looks right now. She's so brittle and feeble, it's hilarious.

A nude widow. Where the hell are your kids, old lady?

He cuts the telephone wires. Tapes her wrinkled old mouth shut. And he looks at her cloudy, bloodshot eyes. And he s-l-o-w-l-y unzips his pants.

It's a dick. How many years has it been? How long since Artie died from cancer? How many monthly pension installments? How many weekly bus trips to your favorite restaurant for a lonely fish dinner? How many nights have you sat on this sofa and cried because no one cares about you anymore?

Keep twitchin', honey. Yeah, keep shaking exactly the way you are now. Give it everything you've got. Keep pleading with those blind old eyes. I'm here for you. Tell me where it hurts. I don't care if you're dry. Nor about the deep wrinkles. Nor about the woman across the hall who steals your morning newspaper. Nor the broken jaw. Nor the black eye. Nor that ugly red swelling on your left hand. Nor the loud SNAP of your rib.

Old bitch had better pray she gets a heart attack tonight, because she won't want to remember this little song and dance. One by one, her attacker will subtract each reason she has for living. He'll steal her wedding ring and birth certificate and baby pictures and everything else which keeps her from spinning down the wide black throat of senility. He wants to make sure that she spends her remaining days rocking back and forth in the fetal position, thumb in her mouth, at some musty old-age home. They'll pay one person to wipe her ass, another to stuff food in her mouth. Worse than an infant. No hope of recovery.

As he walks out of the door, the TV's still screaming. *Help! I've been raped, and I can't get up!* ■

UNLUCKY WOMEN



I felt like I was dead. I have the vague memory of being burned on my breast. It really hurt, but I couldn't do anything about it. The next thing I recall is hitting the ground, feeling the ground underneath me, and not being able to move or do anything.... It was like I was gonna die. I just remember wanting to go back home....My arms and elbows were bruised and scratched-up.... My breasts were burned on the nipples. The burning sensation has stayed for two years.

—Karen Schilt, describing her tryst with New Jersey sex-torturer Dick Cottingham

We've done skin graft after skin graft just to create eyelids....

She really has no nose yet, but we're making plans to do that.

—A plastic surgeon describing the case of Cheryl Bess, who was literally defaced when her attacker poured sulfuric acid over her head

[It] was an idea that came into my mind, just as an idea might come into your mind, but I couldn't put mine aside.

—Winston Moseley, describing his inspiration for the 1964 murder and rape of Kitty Genovese, whose loud pleas for help were ignored by thirty-eight neighbors

You just never know when he's going to be in the mood. You only know that he will be.

It starts with the feeling, that unmistakable glowing-ember sensation in his pants. The rest is limited only by his imagination. And he has a vivid one. He could have jerked off, but he's a different breed. He requires a touch of drama to complete the act. He's a passionate man. So passionate, you'll soon be bleeding from every hole in your body. Love can't stop it. Hate can't stop it. Laws won't stop it. All the legislation in the world can't stop an angry erection.

Passion. Intensity. Rare commodities. For most individuals, the fear of retribution is the strongest feeling they'll ever experience. Fear tames them. And their willing submission to this fear is called morality.

The rapist wants you to feel something stronger than fear.

He wants you crawling around like a smashed insect.

He wants to see you dragging yourself across a city parking lot, both arms broken and your panties wrapped around your throat. And, just as it happened to a Miami woman in 1974, he wants men in suits to ignore your screams and continue walking. Can you feel

the passion? He wants you to drip blood for a mile as you walk with a collapsed lung and a knife sticking out of your neck, like that jogger from Syracuse, New York, did in 1990. He wants you bleeding like a sieve in the manner of a Colorado woman who was stabbed over one hundred times but was able to wriggle her plasmatic hulk into a convenience store and find help.

Can you flap your wings, my little angel? Maybe he'll whack both your forearms off with an axe and let you flutter around like a hemorrhaging chicken. That's how Larry Singleton expressed his feelings to a runaway hitchhiker in 1978.

But he can hurt you worse than that.

Rebecca Thompson Brown was raped in 1973 and thrown from a bridge onto the red rocks along Wyoming's North Platte River. She suffered multiple fractures but survived. The memory of what had happened, though, was killing her. Nineteen years later, she threw herself from the same bridge. This time, she died.

He'll erase you.

It was a Dali painting sprung to life. For eight hours, Cheryl Bess wandered through the Mojave Desert with her face melting. In October, 1984, a maintenance man from her housing project held a rusty screwdriver to her throat and bullied her into his van. The man, Jack Oscar King, drove her out to the depopulated tundra and tried unsuccessfully to force-feed his cactus to her. Paranoid that she'd rat on him, he sat on her stomach and let a bottle of sulfuric acid go glug-glug-glug on her face and shoulders. When Cheryl feigned death, King disappeared. Cheryl then started walking, dazed, as her clothes disintegrated and the flesh began dripping from her cheeks. The more she rubbed, the more of her face she erased. Clumps of her hair came out in her hands. When Cheryl was finally discovered by a motorist, the fourth-degree burns had eaten most of her face down to the bone.

There's no escape.

After attending a Christmas show in 1988, a London girl was captured by a gang of men, one of whom force-fucked her. She was set loose and ran sobbing into the streets. Two men in a red car stopped to ask if she was OK. They pulled her into the car and drove to a wet old alley, where they took turns raping her.

A woman in Norristown, Pennsylvania, a city that consists of little more than a methadone clinic and a mental hospital, was carjacked and raped on a Sunday morning in 1993. After her attacker drove away with her car, a good Samaritan ambled by and offered her the use of his phone. After they arrived at his house, he smoked some crack and raped her at knife-point.

The same unlucky fate befell a teenager from Van Nuys, California, who in 1989 was kidnapped and raped by two men for six

straight days in South-Central L.A. After escaping, she flagged down a car containing three men. They raped her.

The arcade wheel clicks slowly and stops at...you. When he finally finds you—and he will—your feet will be glued to the floor as you try to run. He's five...four...three steps behind you. You will be used. And you will be destroyed. Complete depersonalization. The ultimate object. Whittled down to a cunt. Your identity is being pilfered, your name erased one letter at a time. You'll cry fat teardrops which no one will ever see.

Accept it as your fate. You weren't chosen to be one of the winners. The rapist not only widens your pussy a little, he also widens your horizons. He robs you of the white lies and gentle illusions which keep you sane. He lays bare the fact that all human interaction is essentially a creaky old seesaw of strength and weakness, domination and submission, winners and losers. He exposes verities about life that you'd prefer not to ponder.

He carved about ten new cunts all over your body tonight. You'll be eulogized and buried and mourned for a week, then forgotten. No one will learn anything from your pain. People will continue to rape and bleed and die. Even in death, you'll find no justice, no peace.

Savor those last blurry moments before the blackout, those final seconds of your life when you wish you'd never been born. Take a good look. Yes, that's YOUR blood all over the walls, and that's YOU dying in the hotel mirror. And...yes...his dick is hard. And he won't stop beating your head into the bedpost. An ugly bald clown is dancing over your dying body. You're going to croak all for the sake of some shit-encrusted old weasel's wad. Your life in exchange for a teaspoon of blood-flecked sperm.

The curse of Eve. You had a cunt. You asked for it. ■

